

ODDS and ENDS AND PHOTOGRAPHIC CURIOSITIES

OF THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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Bryan's Little "Jap" Adopted Son.



Yamachera-Yamachita, W. J. Bryan's Adopted Jap.

HERE is the photograph of the enterprising young Jap who the other day appeared at Colonel W. J. Bryan's house, in Lincoln, Neb., and asked Mr. Bryan to permit him to become his adopted son. His name is Yamachera Yamachita, and he is the son of a humble farmer in Japan. He is not a count, as was at first supposed.

During the last Presidential canvass, Yamachera was at home. From there he wrote a letter to Colonel Bryan announcing his desire to come to Lincoln and become his adopted son, telling of his own hope to become a leader of the common people of Japan and his ambition to some day enter the Japanese Parliament.

The reply sent from Lincoln was anything but encouraging. Mr. Bryan plainly and earnestly sought to dissuade him from making the trip. Nebraska Summers were described as decidedly the reverse of sunny Japan, and Nebraska Winters of a degree of frigidity calculated to make the Oriental teeth chatter. Nothing daunted, however, fifteen months ago Yamachera set forth, and in due time reached his destination. He informed the Colonel that he must henceforth regard himself as his father, but at the end of seven years, if all went well, he might call the one-sided bargain off.

The persistency of the boy, if nothing else, has aroused the interest of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, and they have seen that his wants are provided for. He is at present taking special studies in the University of Nebraska, and seems to be making progress. Yamachera is twenty years old, bright, handsome and very innocent of American ways.

MR. E. H. SOTHERN'S NEW LEADING LADY.



Miss Edith Crane, who has just joined Mr. E. H. Sothern's company as lead-lady in "The King's Musketeers."

Statue of the Discoverer of Printing.

ROBERT HOE, the great printing press maker, of New York, has had a statue made by the noted sculptor, Randolph Goddard, of Gutenberg, the discoverer of the art of printing. It represents the old German inventor in the garb of the fifteenth century.

Though he devised the means which has made history and biography exact arts, the dates of his own birth and death are in doubt. But it is supposed that he was born in Mainz about the year 1400 and died about 1468.

Most of his life was spent in Strasburg. It is by a court record of the city that his fame as the inventor of printing has been handed down. In a legal decree, a sort of patent, he was given the right to use certain processes, then called secret. These included a printing press, types and type mould.

But the printer's proverbial hard luck began with poor Gutenberg. He went into business with a money lender called Johann Fust. As might be expected, Fust cheated him out of his press and type, and got full possession of the business.

Unlucky Gutenberg then went to work to carve out some more type by hand and make another crude wooden press. Among his other misfortunes was that of being sued for breach of promise. But as that may have been a badger game or blackmail, as the other fellow had possession of his press at that time, it is by no means certain that Gutenberg was a faithless lover. His genius and misfortunes have naturally made him the printer's idol for over four centuries.

Mr. Hoe is in a sense the Gutenberg of the nineteenth century. In that the marvelous work of his printing machines has made possible the present development of the typographical art. Mr. Hoe's collection of books relating to the history and advancement of printing is the finest in the world.



Statue of Gutenberg, by Randolph Goddard.

Charms of Anna Held in Chiselled Marble.

TO reproduce in cold chiselled marble the charms of Anna Held is the latest achievement of Barconi, the great Italian sculptor, who has become famous for his busts of Pope Leo XIII. and President McKinley.

He has caught very artfully the elusive spirit of archness, which has made Miss Held so popular with the American theatre-going public. The treatment of the hair and eyes is particularly good.

Miss Held is loath to part with the bust, although it was originally intended to be sent to Paris for exhibition. At present she has it in her own possession, and when she begins her tour with "The French Maid" she expects to take it with her—not in a trunk, however, for Miss Held, be it known, rides from town to town in her own private car.



Photograph of the bust of Anna Held, just finished by Barconi, the Italian sculptor, who made the head of McKinley.

\$150,000 FOR A WALK AROUND THE WORLD.

A MAN is walking around the world on a wager of \$150,000. He started three years ago at Dublin, Ireland. He has just reached St. Louis. His name is Captain Alfred James Edward Monteleith Trevellyan, and he is the eldest son of Major-General Monteleith Trevellyan, M. P., of Belmont Castle, Ferlicy Abbey, Dublin, Ireland, who is the thirty-ninth earl of that name. He still has 140 days in which to reach Dublin within the terms of the wager.

Captain Trevellyan's journey has led him through Europe and the East, Australia, the Philippine Islands and across the American continent. When he reaches the Atlantic seaboard he will have walked more than ninety-eight thousand miles since December 22, 1895, when he left Dublin.

He is of medium height, well made and square shouldered. His hair is brown, and his mustache and small imperials are blond. His eyes are a genuine Irish blue, and he is quiet spoken and gentle mannered.

His costume is coarse and well adapted to his enterprise. He wears heavy army shoes, leather leggings, white canvas trousers, a daimed shirt, short coat and a cap. Around his neck is a heavy woollen muffler.

By the terms of his contract he must carry at least seventy-five pounds. Besides this weight he carries a haversack containing his journal, a copy of his contract and other documents of reference, and some extra clothing.

In an interview at St. Louis, he said: "I am walking around the world for a purse

of £30,000 English money, or about \$150,000.

"When I started I had two companions, but they are now dead, and I am the sole beneficiary of the purse. J. Gilbert, a Frenchman, W. S. Smith, a medical student, and myself entered into an agreement. We were to each deposit \$50,000 in Dublin, and, starting even, were to walk around the world. We were not permitted to beg money. We must work our way or live upon voluntary offerings.

"If all survived and returned on time each was to receive his \$50,000. If one or two died, or in any way failed to complete his trip, the survivor or survivors were to receive all the purse. If all died on the trip in the specified time, the Dublin Hospital was to receive the purse.

"We started from Dublin December 22, 1895, travelling east. We walked through Europe, Asia Minor and to Egypt. Then we went to Australia by steamer. We started to traverse Australia. Gilbert died in the wilds of Australia and Smith died in a hospital at Victoria, Australia. I was thus made the sole beneficiary, and left to complete my tour alone. I went to India and finally found my way to Manila. I arrived there shortly before Dewey came. I was a witness of the stirring scenes that followed his coming. He is a charming man. There is an erroneous impression that he is undersized. He is about medium height, but by his erectness and bearing he gives one the impression of greater height.

"While carrying dispatches I received two

bullet wounds from Spanish guns, one in the breast and one in the leg."

Captain Trevellyan showed a scar on his breast, and one on his leg.

"When I got ready to leave Manila I called on the Admiral to ask him to write something in my book. He was in full uniform on the deck of the Olympia, preparing to send the McCulloch on a scouting expedition to locate and find out the business of some German vessels that had been acting strangely. He was busy, and wrote in my book standing on the deck, using a fountain pen. I then bade him good-by and left Manila for San Francisco.

"I will go from here to Baltimore, where I will take a steamer for Dublin. Unless sickness or death overtakes me, I will reach Dublin on time."

Captain Trevellyan's notebook contains the signature and official stamp of the Governors of several States, notably that of Governor Budd, of California.

Captain Trevellyan is forty-eight years and six months of age. He did his first fighting at eighteen, at New Zealand. He exhibits papers which show that he served in the English army in the following wars:

New Zealand in 1868-69; Yellow River, 1870; Ashantee, 1873; Afghanistan, 1878-79-80; Zulu, 1882; Boers, 1883; Upper Nile, 1883-84; Wells, 1884; Sudan, 1888, and Burma, 1894.

He was a member of the famous Scots Picture of the Young Lord Roos of Belvoir, drawn by his mother, the Marchioness of Granby.



Picture of the Young Lord Roos of Belvoir, drawn by his mother, the Marchioness of Granby.

Biggest Liar of the Age.

DE ROUGE-MONT, the liar of the century, who has told a marvellous story in London of being wrecked on a desert island and living in a house of pearls, turned out to be only a plain sailor by the name of Henry Grein.

He invented his romance while idling on the docks at Melbourne, Australia, and swapping yarns with South Sea tars.

He was first hailed in London as a real, living Robinson Crusoe, and an expedition was about to start out to find the island where his wealth of pearls was stored.

Curiously enough he is like De Foe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, in many ways. De Foe's real name was Fox, and he was a butcher's son. When he became a writer he assumed the French name De Foe to gain literary prestige. So, when Henry Grein, the sailor, assumed the high-sounding French name of De Rouge-mont before claiming off his story in the titled English publisher Sir George Newnes, the editor of the Wide World Magazine.

His story was a tremendous success. It was copied by papers throughout America and the rest of the world. So were the details of his adventures. One of these represented him finding a turtle. Several editors seized upon this as the first break point. They asked how a man could ride a turtle, believing that both man and turtle would sink under the water in the attempt.

The champion liar, it is said, replied true narrative and even his public admits that the adventure is on a good piece of fiction.

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A BALLET in the Desert of Sahara! That such a thing is really to be seen is vouched for by Herr Heinrich Rodelsberger, of Munich, who has just returned from Egypt, where he saw this remarkable performance.

He found a queer desert city of 7,000 people. Escorted by a guide, he entered a cafe. In the rear of which was a garden with a stage. The proprietor, quick to seize an opportunity to make a dollar, seized a rug from beneath the feet of an old Turk and spread it out for his



A Sahara Ballet Dancer.

visitor. The orchestra consisted of two trumpeters and two men who played on kettle-drums.

They had hardly begun to play when two young and pretty women of the desert walked out on the stage and slowly, languorously, turned first to the right and then to the left. This did not look much like a dance to European eyes, but these beauties were dancers—"Nailly," as they are called. They were clad in rich robes of silk with silver girdles around their waists and gold chains about their necks.

A Ballet in the Desert of Sahara.



A Street in Egypt's Queer Desert City.

The slow, coquettish poses were only the beginning of the dance, which developed as the music grew louder and faster. Their hands were waved from side to side, now empty, now wrestling the silk around the wearers' bodies. Their bodies swayed though the feet did not move, and every muscle of the body seemed to be brought into play. This was the ballet of the desert, the dance du ventre of which some slight imitations were given on the Midway and in Coney Island, but here in its native haunts, with the audience shrieking its ap-



Dusky Beauty of the Desert.

proval, and the dancers wildly swaying to the rude music, it was an altogether different performance.

The dance at last drove out the German visitor in disgust. Riska is famous, or infamous, for its dances. It is called the "Paris of the Desert," on account of the gay life of its Arab inhabitants and visitors. Just as an Englishman goes to Paris when he wants to have a "time," so the Arabs from miles around go to Riska, where they can see their native dances.

Risked Life for Snap Shot.

THE enterprising photographer stops at nothing in his tireless pursuit of interesting subjects for his camera. The brothers H. and C. Kearton, of England, who have recently exhibited many photographs of insects, birds and small animals as they appear in their nests, in trees, caves, holes in the ground, etc., have made natural history subjects their specialty. They have displayed a most indefatigable industry, and at times great daring in their efforts to penetrate nature's secrets.

The other night, in London, they illustrated their method of work at a lecture.

They laid bare the mysteries of a black bird's nest, gave a snap shot of a skylark feeding her young in a ten-acre field, pictured a lizard in the grass, showed how a spider spins its web on a rose bush, how starlings live, and how an attentive bird-mother saves her young from the rain drops. Snails eating Brussels sprouts, a bumble-bee asleep on a blue bell, robins at home in a jam pot and in a coffee pot were among the unique pictures shown.

The audience saw the intrepid photographers at their work in out-of-the-way nooks, how they climbed trees while swung in the air from the top of a cliff or when hidden in improvised straw stacks, and how they put their inventive ingenuity into practice in a variety of ways in order to secure their direct portraits from natural history. Photography of birds in their native haunts is one of the most recent developments in the photographic art, and owes its inception almost entirely to the amateurs.

Photographer descending a Cliff to Make a Picture.